



# The Moon Queen



👁 397 ✓ 45 ★ 42

## Chapter 1 by Kawaii\_Potato

Airen sighed in annoyance as one of the servants that roamed the castle dropped some of her wine on her new magenta dress. Despite wanting to yell at the clumsy girl, she remembered that she was supposed to behave, so she just walked away.

A few minuets later she stumbled upon the throne room. Airen nearly called the guards when she realized that the figure that sat on the king's throne was not her father.

## Chapter 2 by Phantim



"Ah, there you are my little butter blossom! I am afraid our wedding night is not for some time still. Yet if you want to go ahead and give yourself to me..." the haughty voice called down from the throne.

"Never! You vile..." Airen paused collecting herself. She had to act like a lady, and she would have to give herself to him - someday. Their marriage had been arranged by the two kings, their fathers. "Prince Vlad, you should not be sitting in my father's seat," she said firmly, threateningly.

"Ah, well I don't think /he/ will be needing it anymore" the prince laughed, pointing to a bloody pile of rags in the corner of the room. No, they weren't just rags... it was her father! The king was dead!

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"Now, now princess Airen. If you are quite done yelling, I believe you were about to give yourself to me," he said through a serpentine smile.

"GUARDS! GUARDS!" she cried out. The men stationed nearby did nothing.

"Really boys, how rude!" the prince chided. "The princess clearly needs your help getting undressed! Get those filthy rags off of her!"

The guards chuckled and two of them came over towards the princess, hands extended towards her. Tears of anger began to burst forth from her bright blue eyes. She was used to having her way, her orders followed... she had never felt so helpless.

### Chapter 3 by Grace1517



She started to back away, but then something strange happened. She started glowing, like the moon. The guards slowly started backing away and Prince Vlad just looked stunned.

"The blessing of the moon goddess!" Airen gasped

"Nonsense! The moon goddess faded many centuries ago!" Prince Vlad said

"Unless..."

"Impossible!" he screamed

Airen pointed her hand at Prince Vlad and a ray of moonlight shot at him and he dissipated.

She turned to the guards, "You do not deserve to live since you helped the enemy, you did not stop him when he murdered my father, your King. Now you will suffer a torturous death."

She thrust her hand at them and they screamed in agony, begging for mercy, "I bet my father begged you for mercy when you and Prince Vlad were murdering him. You deserve no mercy, you deserve to die, just like my father."

She killed them and that's how she became the Moon Queen, she ruled wisely, but she had a long, hard path ahead of her...

### Chapter 4 by Caed Adam



Wisdom came with a price - this was something Airen learned very quickly on her journey. After

her father's burial, she found herself at the hands of her father's advisors - her advisers now. They spared no time in preparing her for the next day. Only a few weeks time. She was exhausted - with grief and anger. Every night, she dreamed the same dream - of a lunar eclipse. A woman in a white dress stood in its place. The woman's presence was powerful, and yet benevolent. It tried to speak to Airen, but the

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woman's words were distant. Airen would wake before the sun would, knowing within her core that those words were important.

One early morning, after an especially restless night, Airen dressed herself before her maids came to her chambers. And as she opened her chambers' door, she was startled by a male presence standing a foot from her. Her glare met his twinkling, green gaze, and he chuckled as the princess walked passed him. "Up so early," he said as he walked after her, his leather boots silent against the marble floor.

Airen glanced over her shoulder. "What were you doing standing outside my chambers, Blake?"

"Guarding. That's what I do." He flashed her a smile and received an eyeroll in return. He caught up with her and put his hands in his pockets. "That and I was told to escort you to the council room." Blake Wylder - queensguard and royal pain ever since he and Airen were children.

"Then we'll take a detour. I need to find a book," Airen said as she picked up her pace. She wasn't for early morning banter, and Blake seemed incapable of anything else. Blake raised a brow, and seemed to have no issue keeping up. "Finally expanding your literary experience?"

They reached the library doors, grand and towering, when Airen turned to look at Blake with a hard gaze. "Yes, and you're going to do what you do best," she said, then turned on her heel and went into the library, leaving Blake to stand in the hall.

She didn't have to search long; the pages, the assistants to the master librarians, helped her to find a few books on spiritual symbols and common god and goddess imagery. While Airen was still unsure of what she had discovered, she grabbed the book that seemed most relevant to the image from her dreams and then left the library. Blake opened his mouth to say something, but then gave a whistle as he eyed the large tome. "Light reading?"

"Shut up," Airen said as she walked passed him and toward the council room. Perhaps one of her advisers could tell her what the image means. She was grateful Blake remained silent during

their walk - perhaps he sensed the tension surrounding her and her difficult position. She didn't trust her new advisers ever since she found out they were involved in the plot. She wouldn't be surprised if any one of them had something to do with it. But right now she was on their mercy.

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"Look here," Airen said as she turned to a page within the book she had brought to the council room. The five advisers sat at the rectangular table and looked at the tome atop it. The princess pointed to a drawing of a black female figure with rays behind her. "The moon goddess, Niwey. This is the image I've been seeing in my dreams."

"May I, your highness?" One adviser said. A middle-aged man with a tenor voice - deceptively calm yet demanding. Airen pushed the tome to him and he read from the description of the image. "Niwey's manifestation at the beginning of the world, by which the sun, neither man nor woman, created Niwey. The sun is represented by the rays coming from behind Niwey, imbuing her with her divine power." His brow raised and he gave small smile. "Intriguing," he said as he looked to his fellow adviser beside him. A woman, older and with an aloofness that never left her face. "Perhaps it's the goddess showing you what we all already know: that you have a newfound power. Her power. Niwey must have a sense of humor."

Airen felt heat rush up to her cheeks and she pulled the book back. "But why every night? And it's not just this, but I also hear the figure try to say something."

"Say what?" The elderly woman asked the princess. Airen gave a small shrug. "I can never hear it clearly enough. Some nights I think it becomes clearer, and other nights I can barely hear the voice at all."

"Well, then," the old woman said with a huff, "helpful indeed." The other advisers chuckled quietly. Airen felt her slight embarrassment turn into a simmering anger as she sat herself down at the head of the table. One of the other male advisers, a round man with thinning blonde hair, cleared his throat and frowned. "May we continue, then? Princess Airen, if it is fair, we have summoned you here to speak about a few very important, future events."

"Yes," Airen with a curt nod. In some way, she almost felt spared from further mortification. She didn't ask for her dreams, and at least she tried to make an effort to understand what they meant. And she didn't understand why she was chosen to have Niwey's powers. Regardless, she felt like she was expected to know everything, and felt the criticism and the patronizing

disappointment within many of her advisers' faces. She just hoped this council meeting would be short.

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Far away from the kingdom, from the watchful eyes of its guardians. The darkness began to gather. It has been for some time now. Piecing itself together, until it became whole enough to bring back the vessel.

It was...unfortunate that he was eradicated in such a way when the moon goddess sent her blessing. But he was still needed, and the darkness wasn't ready to let his body or his soul go just yet.

This will take time and much preparation for Prince Vlad to return. Whether broken or whole he will rise back into power.

Sadly, the travelers that became lost in the misty forest would be the first to die. A small price for a worthy cause. Humans are so easy to kill when harvesting souls for the undead.

### Chapter 6 by Madame Apothica



Blake Wylder walked briskly down the long corridor that lead to the Queens bed chambers. He knew that there was no imminent threat to her Majesty and yet, he couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't right.

Prince Vlad was dead, the Queen herself had seen to that. Not that anyone outside of her immediate council members and advisers knew, however. Blake had only found out after he had found Airen, shaking in the corner of the throne room, next to the bloody remains of her father, the King, and two dead guards.

He had not asked how she had managed it and she had not said. He had merely rushed to her side, holding her close as she wept over the loss of her father.

They had stayed in that position for what seemed like hours. Her head on his shoulder, his body wrapped fully around her small frame as the tears streamed down her beautiful face. He had never before seen her so broken. The mere thought of it made his blood boil even now.

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mind that once it reached the far borders of the Forests of Verden, there would be an uprising. If war had taught him anything it was that there was no better way to guarantee success than to strike when your opponent was at his weakest. Queen Airen was a strong woman and a promising leader, he knew that much. But his opinion of the Young Queen of Cyra didn't matter when it came to politics. Other more greedy kingdoms would see the loss of the Old King as a great tactical advantage to them. It would be simple enough to rally an army of radical fools and plan an attack the palace in the hopes of stealing the crown and taking the vast thrown of Cyra for themselves. There had already been whispers about soldiers from Erdeth being spotted riding along the eastern shore. Blake knew only too well that if word got out about the Queen still being unmarried that many more soldiers would be seen.

He turned the corner, spotting the large blue doors that marked her rooms and a small smile broke out on his face. He loved the fact that she had chosen to have her doors painted in Cyra's crests colors instead of the customary gold that usually signaled the chambers of a royal. When he had asked her back when he had become the leader of her guard, why she had chosen the color she had simply stated that 'blue was her favorite' and explained no further.

She was different, Queen Airen. She always had been.

He could still remember what she had been like when they were kids. So innocent, so full of life, so carefree.

It had been in the summer of his 12th name day when he had left for the war. He had seen things there. He had learned things. When he had come back - 5 years later - he was no longer the young, freckled boy that he had been when he left. He was a man.

Blake worked his way up through the ranks, until he had reclaimed his father's position of the Head of the Queen's Guard. It wasn't until his first mission however that he was able to lay eyes on her again.

She was not the fair haired, young girl that he had remembered playing with in his dreams. No,

this woman before him was tall, svelte and undeniably female. The Princess had transformed from a little girl into a full grown woman. Some areas had grown and filled out in others. Gone were the long, dark, curly locks that she had once had. In their place were chestnut locks that used to fly free were restrained. The most dizzying updo he

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had ever seen. Where there used to be bows on her dress, there was a corset. Gone was the little princess that he had known, she was the Queen now.

Without thought Blake ran a hand threw his unruly hair as he approached her door. He raised his hand with the intent to knock before he suddenly stopped short. There were voices. From the sound of it, a man and a woman, speaking in hushed tones, were at this moment inside of the Queen's bed chambers.

Blake furrowed his brow, it was too early for the chambermaid to have stopped by and it was certainly too late to be the scullery maid to be delivering breakfast.

The hairs on the back of his neck stood up. Something was not right.

The voices continued and Blake pressed his ear to the door in the hopes to catch a bit of their conversation.

They spoke too quick for him to make out what was being said. Taking a large step back, Blake prepared himself to break through the door. He was just about to charge when he saw the blinding blue light emanating from underneath her Majesty's doors.

### Chapter 7 by Grace1517



Blake knocked on the door, "Hello? Your Majesty, are you okay?"

He heard a shuffling of feet on the wood, "Just a second!" she said

Airen appeared at the door, "Blake, it's just you, I'm fine. No worries."

"Sorry to interrupt, I just. Never mind, it's nothing."

"I appreciate your concern Blake, but I have everything under control,"

"Yes, your Majesty. I'll be going then."

"Good day," Airen said before shutting the door

### Chapter 8 by Elisabeth Ford



Blake sensed something wasn't right so he put his ear up to her majesty's door and listened

He heard two voices, but when he went in there he found only one person in the room.

He knew this other voice but he didn't know who it was.

Prince Vlad was inside talking

"You really thought you could get away with this?"

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"No you can't be alive I watched you die!"

"Oh but I am still alive, and i will take you by force if i have to."

"No I will never do it with you."

Airen heard prince Vlad grab her and she started screaming.

Airen tried to bust into the room but it was sealed shut.

Prince Vlad stripped her and shoved his penis inside of her.

"Now you will know what true power feels like."

the end

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